

BARBARIAN

COMICS

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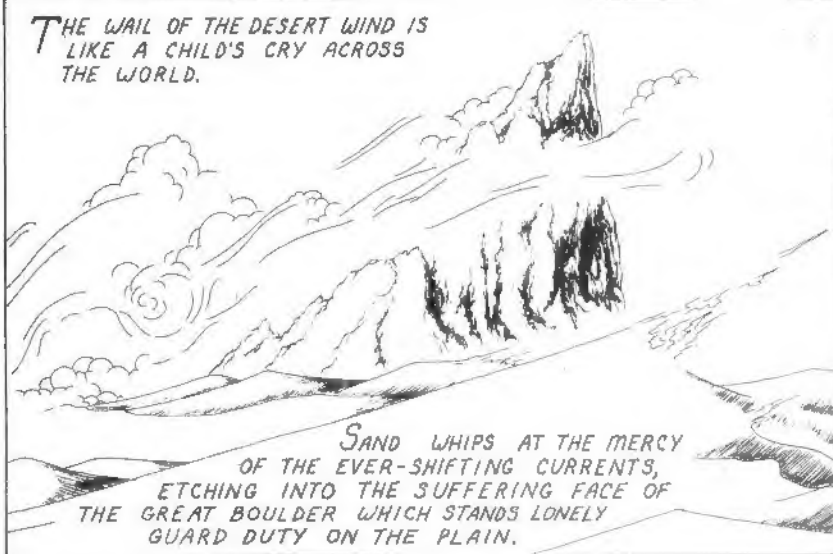


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THE WAIL OF THE DESERT WIND IS
LIKE A CHILD'S CRY ACROSS
THE WORLD.



SAND WHIPS AT THE MERCY
OF THE EVER-SHIFTING CURRENTS,
ETCHING INTO THE SUFFERING FACE OF
THE GREAT BOULDER WHICH STANDS LONELY
GUARD DUTY ON THE PLAIN.

INTO THIS DESERT
WASTE COMES A
WANDERER...

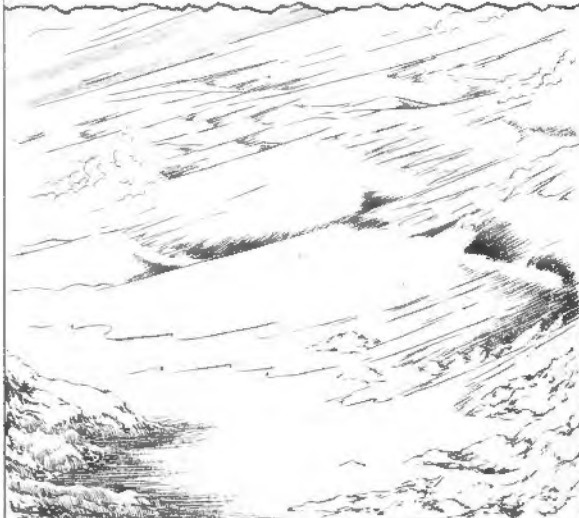


TOLAK OF THE NORTHLANDS.

BLAST ME FOR A
DOG IF I'LL STAY
HERE AND DIE
COWERING!
I'M NOT
RIPE FOR
ODAAN'S
HARVEST
YET!



YET EVEN AS TOLAK THRUSTS HIMSELF AGAINST
THE FULL FURY OF THE SANDSTORM, HE KEEPS
A WARY EYE ABOUT HIM. FOR HE HAS STRAYED
SOUTH BEYOND THE KNOWLEDGE OF HIS KIND,
INTO THE BORDERLANDS OF DREAM-SHROUDED
AEGYPTIA.



VIGILANCE MAY FAIL,
HOWEVER, FOR DAN-
GER CAN HIDE BENEATH
A WARRIOR'S SANDALED
FEET.

AN EDIFICE WAS BUILT
A MANY YEAR'S AGO,
BY SLAVES WHO WERE
THEN MURDERED TO
PROTECT THE SECRET
OF IT'S LOCATION. THE
PRIESTS WHO ALONE
KNEW IT'S WHISPERED
PURPOSE TOOK THAT
KNOWLEDGE TO THEIR
SERPENT-DRAPE
CRYPTS, AND DRIFTING
SAND SOON HID THE
EDIFICE FROM VIEW.

SO IT IS WELL
SAID THAT
ANCIENT EVILS
CAN REACH
OUT TO A
WARRIOR...



... AND SWALLOW HIM.





TOLAK FALLS, NOT THROUGH A NATURAL FISSURE, BUT INTO AN ARTIFICE OF MAN. A HIDDEN REALM, OR PERHAPS — A TRAP?

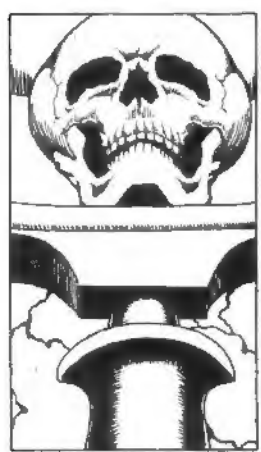


HE LANDS LIKE A CAT, SILENTLY AND WITH FEET SPREAD WIDE TO ABSORB THE SHOCK. SUNLIGHT, SAND AND THE HOWL OF THE STORM ARE BLOTTED OUT AS THE TRAPDOOR CLOSES ABOVE HIM.

A RATHOLE IN THE DESERT, AND A DOOR THAT SHUTS ITSELF—I LIKE THIS **NOT!**



BY THE FLICKERING AZURE LIGHT OF TORCHES TOLAK VIEWS HIS NEW SURROUNDINGS. THE COLUMNS, CARVINGS, AND FACADES OF HEWN MARBLE ARE LIKE NONE HE HAS EVER SEEN BEFORE, DESPITE HIS YEARS OF WANDERING. EVIL CHILLS THE SCULPTED FLOOR, ECHOES HIS FOOTFALLS AND EVEN SCENTS THE MUSTY AIR. THE DUST OF GREAT ANTIQUITY CASTS ITS PALL UPON THE CHAMBER—YET THE FIRES BURN!



SKULLS OF STONE, YOU MAY KEEP YOUR MYSTERIES!

I SEEK ONLY A WAY BACK TO THE WORLD OF SUN AND WIND!



TOLAK!



THE WOMAN IS FAIR TO LOOK UPON, BUT TOLAK FACES HER WITH THE TIP OF HIS BLADE. HE HAS LEARNED THAT A BEAUTIFUL SURPRISE...

... MAY YET BE PERILOUS.



WHO ARE YOU, WENCH?

AND HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?



I AM CALLED IKTEP.

ISIRUS TOLD ME HOW TO PHRASE THE SUMMONS.

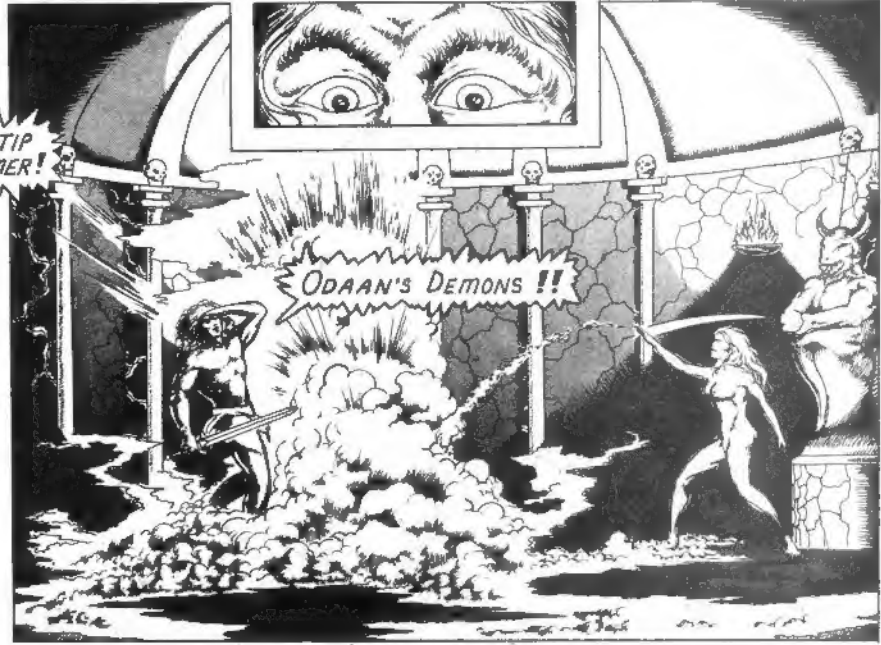
ISIRUS WISHES YOU BROUGHT TO HIM... NOW!



THE HAND OF IKTEP OPENS AND A JEWEL IS REVEALED, AN EAGLE'S EGG OF LAMBERT GOLDEN FIRE. TOLAK RECOILS INSTINCTIVELY FROM THE SORCEROUS GLOW.



TAR ARTIP AMEN MER!



ODAAN'S DEMONS !!

WHERE EMPTY CHAMBER WAS BEFORE, THERE NOW STANDS A SAVAGE WARRIOR GARBED IN GLISTERING LEATHER.



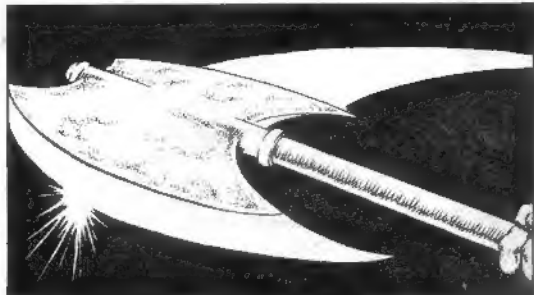
HIS HARNESS BESPEAKS AN EXOTIC ORIGIN; HIS EYES BURN EMBER-RED; HIS WELL-STROPPED AXE SENDS LIGHT-BEAMS DANCING ABOUT THE CHAMBER.



THE AXEMAN DOES NOT UTTER A SOUND, BUT HIS INTENT IS CLEAR ENOUGH.



WE HAVE NO CAUSE FOR COMBAT THAT I KNOW OF, SILENT ONE. BUT SWING THAT TOY IF YOU MUST — AND DIE!



A FAIR STROKE FOR CHOPPING WOOD, BUT YOU WILL HAVE TO MOVE FASTER TO HEW THIS TREE!



THE AXEMAN READIES HIS NEXT SLICE.



ARRRRGH!!

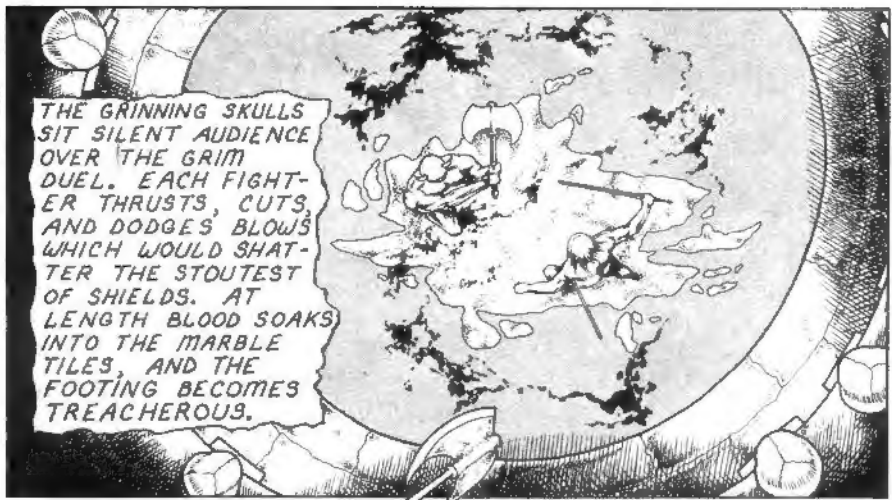
NO DEFENSE!



BEHOLD THIS DEMON
THAT BLEEDS! IF
YOU CAN
TAKE
WOUNDS,
YOU CAN
ALSO BE
SLAIN!



THE GRINNING SKULLS
SIT SILENT AUDIENCE
OVER THE GRIM
DUEL. EACH FIGHT-
ER THRUSTS, CUTS,
AND DODGES BLOWS
WHICH WOULD SHAT-
TER THE STOUTEST
OF SHIELDS. AT
LENGTH BLOOD SOAKS
INTO THE MARBLE
TILES, AND THE
FOOTING BECOMES
TREACHEROUS.



SUDDENLY TOLAK SLIPS! HIS FOE POISES
OVER HIM, EYES GLEAMING.

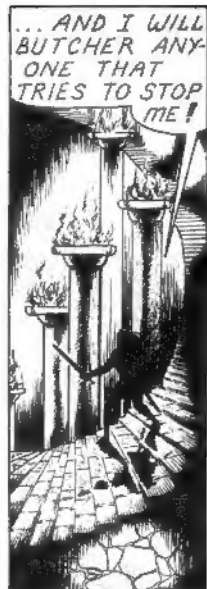


YOU ARE
MIGHTY,
SILENT ONE,
BUT NOT TOO
CUNNING.

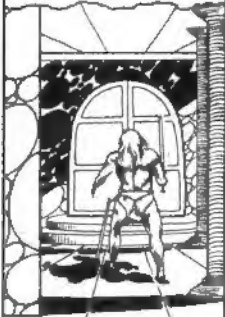


ELSE YOU WOULD HAVE
KNOWN MY STUMBLE
FOR A TRICK!



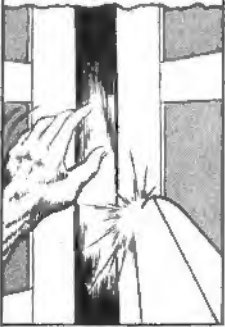


A FEW LONG STRIDES
BRING TOLAK TO THE
END OF THE HALL...



AND ANOTHER PORTAL.

BEFORE HE CAN PUSH
IT OPEN, HOWEVER, IT
OPENS OF ITS OWN
VOLITION.



TOLAK STARES IN WONDERMENT AT THE
VAST, FISSURED CAVERN — AND AT THE
SERPENTINE ALTAR IN ITS CENTER,
UPON WHICH IKTEP WRITHES AS THOUGH
IN THE GRIP OF SOME UNSEEN DEMONIC
LOVER.



HE TOOK ME! HE IS ONE
OF THE UNDEAD, THE ETER-
NAL WALKERS IN SHADOW!

BEWARE HIM,
OR HE WILL FEED
ON YOUR SOUL
AS HE HAS MINE!



NO TIME FOR CRYING —
WE MUST FETCH SUPPLIES
AND FLEE. BETTER TO
FACE THE STORM ABOVE
THAN REMAIN IN THIS
MAD REALM.





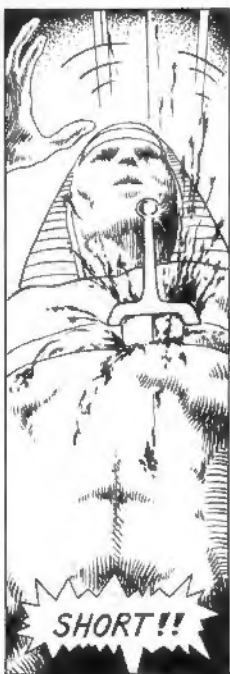
TOLAK FEELS A CHILL OF UNUTTERABLE HORROR, FOR THE GIRL IN HIS ARMS IS CHANGING!



THE FEMININE SPARKLE IS GONE FROM HER EYES, REPLACED BY THE SAVAGE GLEAM OF A HUNTING BEAST.



TOLAK PULLS FREE OF THE UNNATURAL SEDUCTION, BUT THEN...





BUT EVEN A GOD
CANNOT FIGHT ON
WITHOUT A HEAD!



TOLAK'S MIGHTY THRUST, HOWEVER,
IS DEFLECTED WITH ALMOST DIS-
DAINFUL EASE, AND HIS HORRIFIED
GAZE DISCERNS THAT THE DIRK-WOUND
IS ALREADY FULLY HEALED!



I WAS A MASTER OF SWORD-
PLAY BEFORE YOUR ANCES-
TORS DESCENDED FROM
THE TREETOPS!



IKTEP, MEANWHILE, HAS RECOV-
ERED FROM HER DEMON-SPELL.

FLEE TOLAK! ONLY
THE BLADE WHICH
DRANK HIS BLOOD AS
A NEWBORN MAY
SLAY HIM
NOW!



IN TOLAK'S MIND FLASHES THE IMAGE OF A CHAMBER, A GUARDIAN — AND
A SWORD

RUN, BARBARIAN!
THE ONLY ESCAPE
IS PAST ME!

PLEASE, TOLAK,
TAKE ME WITH
YOU!



Through corridors
darkling and thick,
Tolak seeks vic-
tory magic



The iron-bound door
shadows dim, two
fates,
death for a god,
or him.



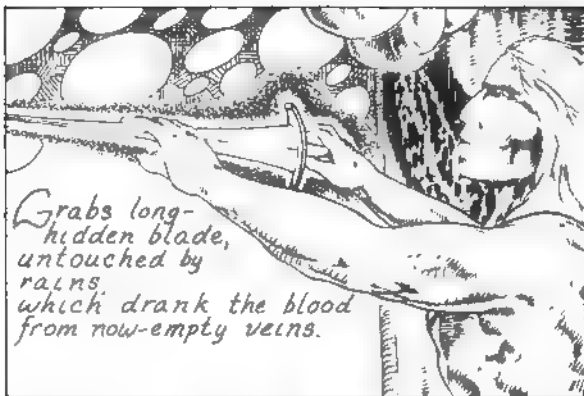
A demon of Surt infernal

guards the scythe of
thread eternal.

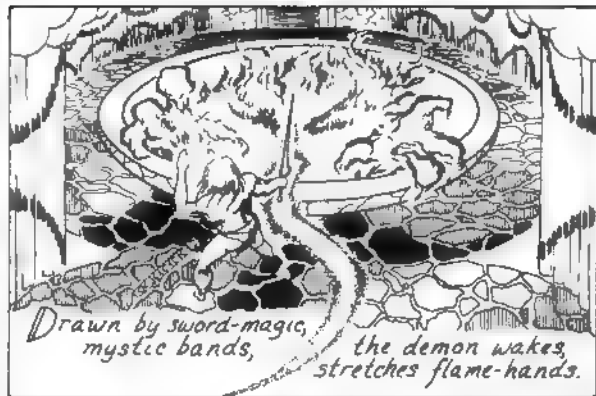


Over fire and fury and hate

he leaps, casting himself at fate.



Grabs long-
hidden blade,
untouched by
rains,
which drank the blood
from now-empty veins.



Drawn by sword-magic,
mystic bands,
the demon wakes,
stretches flame-hands.



Then spells to
match spells,
steel set to
fire,

Tolak
slashes free
from the pyre.



Heat, pain
and stench;
then all
have been,

beyond the reach of pit-trapped djinn.



Behind the
brush with
crimson hell;
ahead, a
fight and
for most
fell.



For others
may crooked
paths roam,
but Tolak
seeks the
straight
road
home!



WHY DID
YOU AID THAT
NORTHERN LOU,
MY DEAR?

DO YOU WISH
TO BE MY SOLE
SOURCE OF NOUR-
ISHMENT FOR
ETERNITY?

TOLAK, I
PRAY THEE,
COME BACK!



THEN, ABRUPTLY, TOLAK IS BACK!

NOW PRIEST,
YOU DIE!



SWORD-MAGIC OR
NO, I AM STILL
YOUR MASTER,
BARBARIAN!



THE DEAD
MASTER
NONE!

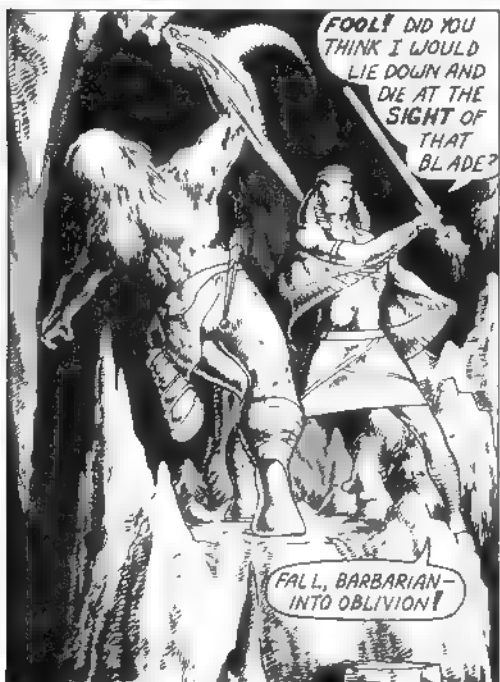
IKTEP CAN ONLY WATCH... AND
PRAY THAT THIS NORTHERN
WARRIOR



... CAN DELIVER
HER FROM THE
CURSE OF AN
AGELESS GOD.

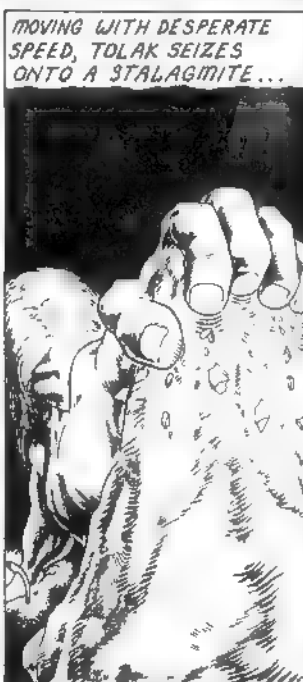


BUT TOLAK NEEDS
NO CAUSE TO FIGHT
BEYOND HIS OWN
RAGING HATRED.



FOOL! DID YOU
THINK I WOULD
LIE DOWN AND
DIE AT THE
SIGHT OF
THAT
BLADE?

FALL, BARBARIAN-
INTO OBLIVION!



MOVING WITH DESPERATE
SPEED, TOLAK SEIZES
ONTO A STALAGMITE...



AND REGAINS THE
LEDGE

NORTH-
MEN ARE
NOT SO
EASILY
S. AIN!



GRIM, CONFIDENT; HE SPEAKS NOT. BUT HIS GAZE PROMISES SWIFT, INEVITABLE DEATH.



FOR LONG SE-
ONLS, TOLAK
STANDS. "I'LL
HIT HALF
EXPECTING THE
PREST TO RISE
AGAIN."



BUT THE TALE OF ISIRUS IS ENDED. AS TOLAK STARES IN
AMAZEMENT, THE BODY OF THE MAN-GOD DISSOLVES INTO
EMERALD FLAME THAT QUICKLY DIES. EVIL VAPORS DISSI-
PATE AS THOUGH SHUNNED BY THE HEALTHY AIR...



... AND NAUGHT
REMAINS.



ISH'AAR
BE PRAISED!



YOU HAVE
FREED ME
FROM SUCH A
BONDAGE AS
YOU CAN
NEVER UNDER
STAND!

TO HELL WITH
UNDERSTAND-
ING WENCH!



HELP ME STAUNCH
MY WOUNDS, THEN
LEAD ME TO YOUR
FOOD AND BED.

I HAVE TWO
MIGHTY HUNGERS TO
FEED THIS EVE!



TOLAK OF THE NORTHLANDS

STORY: ERIC VINICOFF
ART: STEVEN WHITECLOUD

A Tale of Ull, the Viking Raider

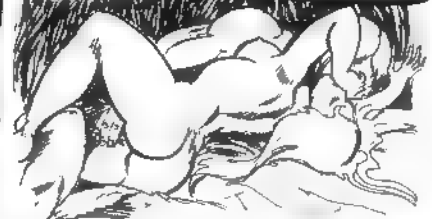
INN OF THE WOLF

BLEAK AND DESOLATE IS THE ROAD THROUGH THE VALLEY OF RONARIAM IN THE WINTER. SHELTERLESS SAVE FOR THE LONELY *INN OF THE WOLF*, EVEN NOW BEING SCOUTED BY A DESPERATE, FAMISHED BAND OF SAXON ROVERS.

BUT, WITHIN AN UPPER ROOM, A BLAZING FIRE HEATS THE MASSIVE, NAKED BODY OF THE VIKING, *ULL*, AS HE SPORTS LUSTILY WITH FAIR *GUNILLA*, THE BUXOM DAUGHTER OF THE INNKEEPER.



Story and Art by Anthony Jamison — 1974



WARMER THAN THE DANCING FLAMES IS THE LUST OF THE GREAT WARRIOR AND THE COMELY WENCH! *GUNILLA* WRITHES IN WANTON PASSION. SUDDENLY, HER MOUNTING CRIES OF ORGASM ARE DROWNED BY A MORTAL SCREAM

AHRRGH!

WELL DOES ULL KNOW THE MEANING OF THAT DIRE CRY! INSTANTLY HE SNATCHES UP HIS GREAT AXE AND NAKED HE HURTLES DOWN UPON THE WILD MARAUDERS.

SAXONS QUAIL BEFORE THE VICIOUS ONSLAUGHT OF THE NAKED FIEND WHO RIPS INTO THEIR MIDST, REAPING HAVOC, SLASHING, SHREDDING SAXONS AS SHAFTS OF WHEAT.

BORI!
(N LADS—AND SLAY
THIS BERSERKER!

AYE! I'LL SPIT HIS
FOO'S HEAD!

SPEAKEST OF
HEADS? RATHER
LOOK TO THY
FOOT!

ME FOOT?





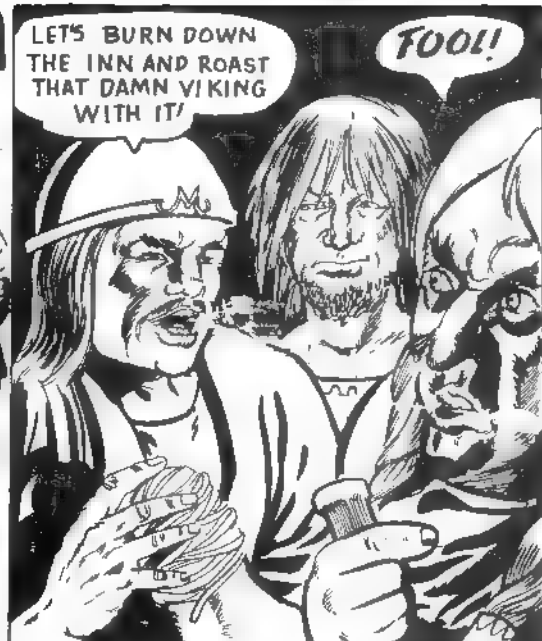
RETREATING FROM THE SAVAGE AXE OF THE VIKING THE SAXONS ARE FORCED OUT INTO THE BITING COLD. ULL SHOVS THE DOOR CLOSED AND BARS IT SHUT. THE SAXONS HACK AND HURL THEMSELVES AT THE STOUT DOOR FURIOUSLY—UNTIL FROM AN UPPER WINDOW, GUNILLA EMPTIES A CAULDRON OF BOILING WATER UPON THEM. THE SCALDED SAXONS FLEE HOWLING INTO THE DARK—SAVE FOR THOSE WHO FALL TO THE CLOTHYARD SHAFTS OF ULL'S HEAVY BOW.





HUDDLING AROUND A TINY FIRE, THE SHIVERING SAXON SURVIVORS ARGUE THEIR NEXT MOVE...

HE'S A VERY DEVIL! WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE MORE OF US.



LET'S BURN DOWN THE INN AND ROAST THAT DAMN VIKING WITH IT!

FOOL!



YOU'D BURN OUR ONLY HOPE FOR FOOD AND SHELTER? I'VE A PLAN TO DEAL WITH THAT BEAST, FEAR NOT!



MEANWHILE, WITHIN THE INN

ULL! WHY DON'T YOU DO SOMETHING? THOSE SAXONS ARE STILL HERE!



SILENCE WOMAN. POUR MORE WINE.

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THOSE DOGS! AH... I HEAR A POLITE KNOCK UPON YON DOOR. IT SEEMS THEY'VE DEVELOPED SOME RESPECT FROM OUR LAST MEETING!



GRINNING IN ANTICIPATION OF FURTHER BATTLE, ULL FACES THE SAXON BAND...

WELL DOGS, DO YOU WANT ME TO KILL THE REST OF YOU?

PEACE VIKING, PEACE. WE HAVE NO QUARREL WITH YOU.



IN FACT, YOU MAY GO UNMOLESTED... OR IF YOU WOULD FIGHT US... YONDER WENCH'S THROAT SHALL FIRST BE SLIT!

SO?



AYE VIKING! WHILST YE WERE BRAGGING I'VE CREPT UPON AND SIEZED YOUR PRETTY WOMAN!

FIGHT US AND SHE WILL BE FIRST TO DIE!



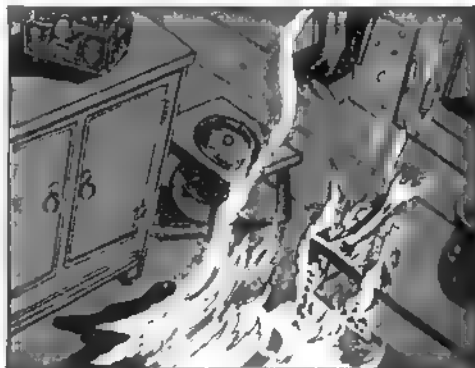
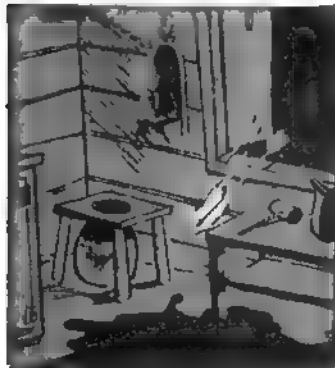
THAT'S NAUGHT TO ME... BUT YOUR OWN UGLY HEAD WILL BOUNCE ERE HER BLOOD STAINS THE FLOOR!

RELEASE THE WENCH IF YOU'D LIKE TO LIVE... FOR A BIT LONGER.



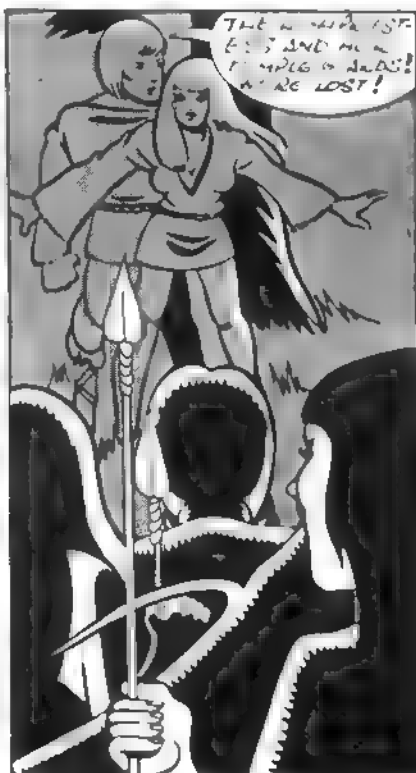
HEAR **MY** TERMS! YOU MAY HAVE THIS INN... I'LL TAKE THE GIRL, FOOD, HORSES AND DEPART... AND THE HELL WITH YE!

AGREED WARRIOR. AGREED!





ULL RIDES OFF INTO THE BLACK, BLEAK NIGHT WITH THE FAIR MAID GUNLLA TO WARM HIM. HE LEAVES BEHIND NAUGHT BUT THE SMOLDERING EMBERS OF HIS ENEMIES AND THE INN OF THE WOLF.





NO MORTAL WOMAN CAN LIVE DORN NOW! HE'S PROMISED TO THE GODDESS FOR A YEAR!

AND KILLED AFTER THE YEAR IS UP!



DARRIN ONLY BECAUSE YOU ARE ONE OF OUR BEST WARRIOR WOMEN. DO I NOT CAST YOU FROM THE TRIBE! INSTEAD I SEND YOU TO HAGGIS, CRONE OF THE WOOD!



...THEY SAY HAGGIS DWELLS HEREIN AND THAT HERE SHE HAS ALWAYS DWELT! ALSO THAT SHE SPEAKS WITH THE GODDESS!

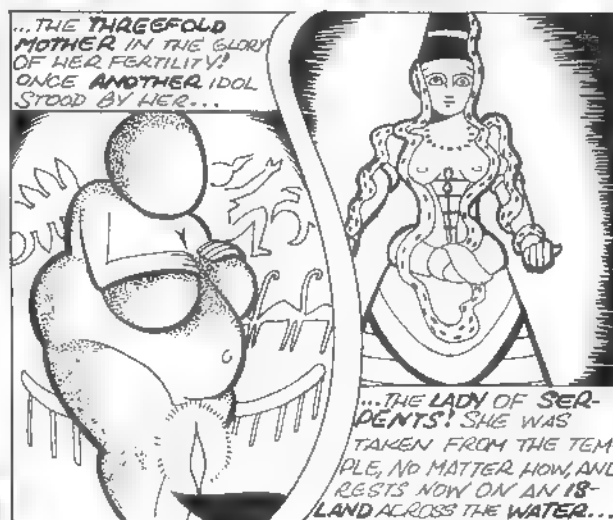


GOOD MORROW CHILD, FEAR NOT HAGGIS! AM I NOT GRANNY OF ALL CREATURES THAT DWELL IN THE FOREST? I KNOW THE BOON YOU CRAVE GIRL! COME...



INSIDE THE CAVE...

INSIDE OUR TEMPLE STANDS A STATUE...



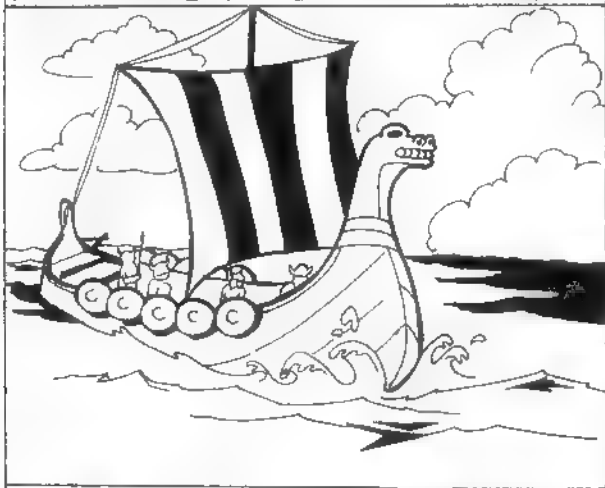
...THE THREEFOLD MOTHER IN THE GLORY OF HER FERTILITY! ONCE ANOTHER IDOL STOOD BY HER...

...THE LADY OF SERPENTS! SHE WAS TAKEN FROM THE TEMPLE, NO MATTER HOW, AND RESTS NOW ON AN ISLAND ACROSS THE WATER...





FAIR WINDS PUSH THE SHIP TOWARDS AN ISLAND SOMEDAY TO BE KNOWN AS CRETE...



WE NEAR LAND! IS IT HERE THAT I SHALL FIND THE LADY OF SERPENTS?



DESTINATION REACHED...



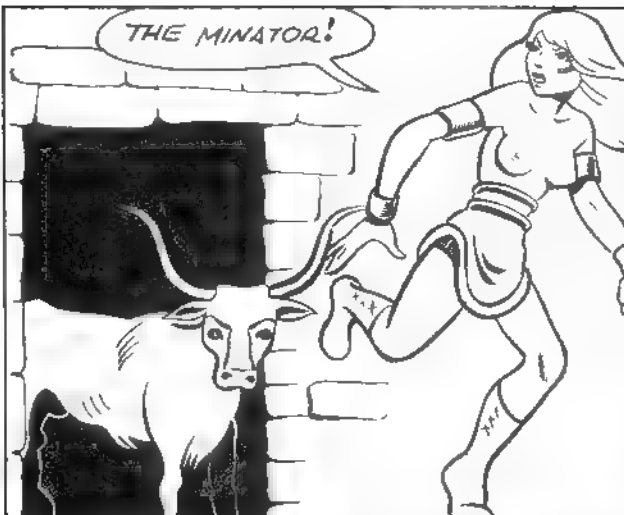
THE GODDESS I SEEK!







THE MINATOR!



THROUGH A RED HAZE, DARRIN IS DIMLY AWARE OF BEING CARRIED AWAY...



AND PLACED GENTLY ON A COUCH...

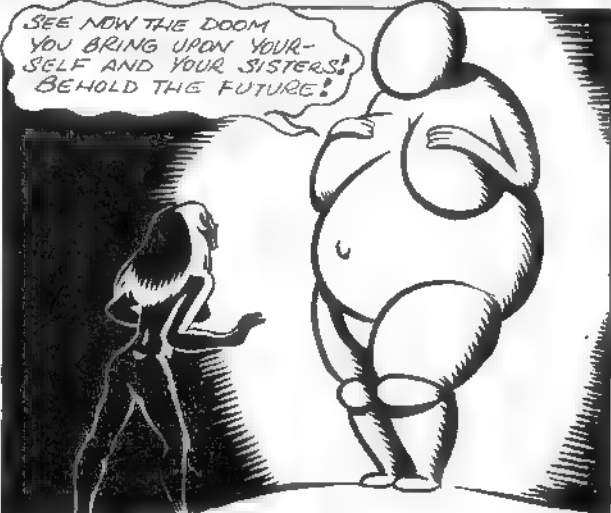


PENETRATING THE HAZE, A VOICE...



DARRIN!
IT IS I, THE THREE-
FOLD GODDESS,
THE GREAT MOTHER.
HEAR ME...

SEE NOW THE DOOM
YOU BRING UPON YOUR-
SELF AND YOUR SISTERS!
BEHOLD THE FUTURE!

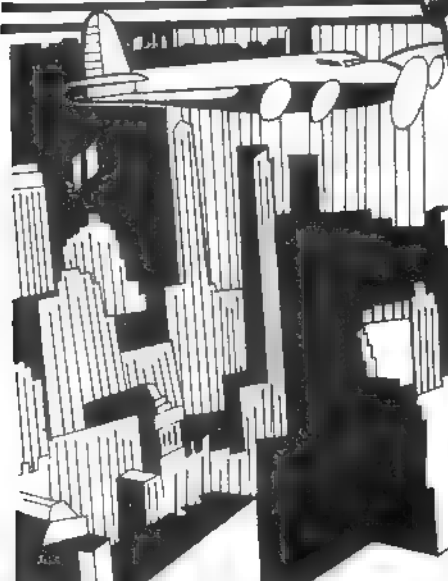


YOURS IS BUT THE FIRST STEP IN THE
CRUMBLING OF MY POWER... SOON
THE MEN WILL CONQUER, INSTALLING
MALE GODS AND ENSLAVING WO-
MEN... WE SHALL BECOME PROPERTY...

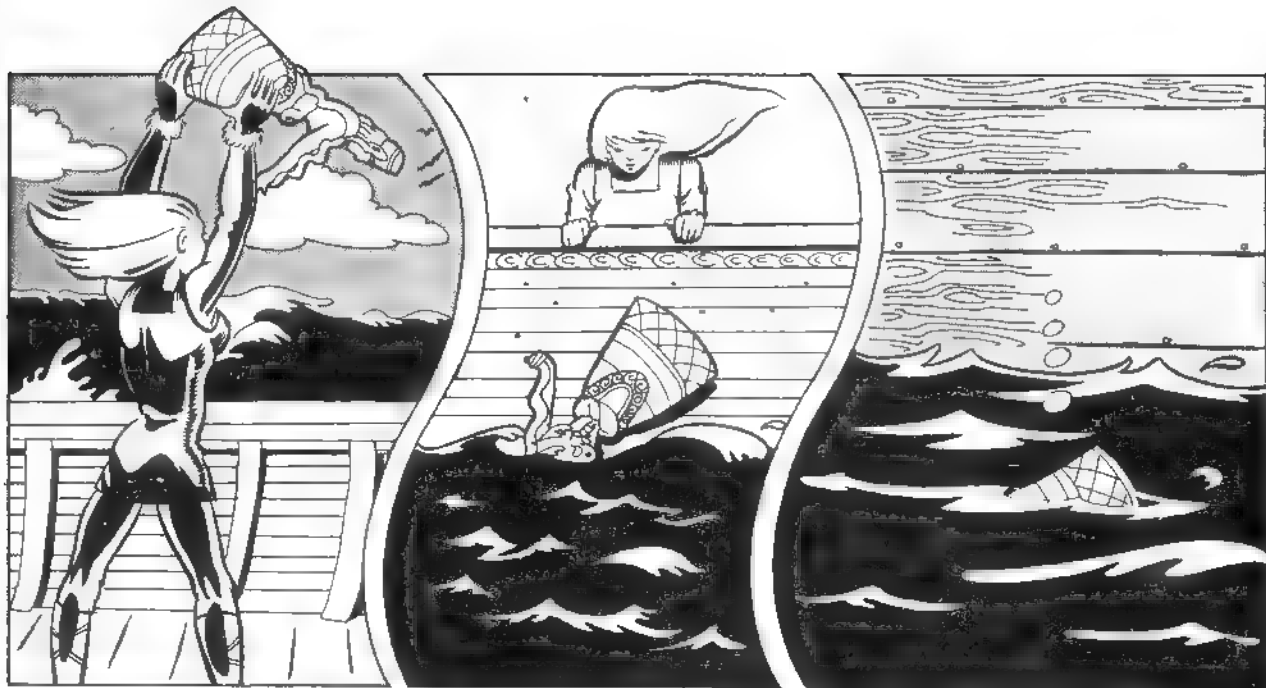
AND THE DAY WILL COME WHEN THE WORLD IS UNDER
THE THRALL OF A STERN FATHER GOD WHO FORBIDS
PLEASURES AND THREATENS NONBELIEVERS
WITH ETERNAL TORMENT...



MEN WILL LOSE RESPECT FOR THE EARTH,
THEIR MOTHER, AND RAPE HER
FORESTS, HER WATERS, HER MINERALS...







HISTORICAL NOTE: ON AUGUST 17, 1939, AN IVORY STATUETTE OF THE SNAKE GODDESS, STILL BEARING TRACES OF COLOR, WAS FOUND OFF THE COAST OF CRETE BY A YOUNG NATIVE BOY DIVING FOR GRUNION.

WE GOT COMICS!

COMIC COLLECTOR
SHOP

ALL KINDS COMICS!!
OLD & NEW COMICS!!
UNDERGROUND COMICS!!
WHOLESALE! RETAIL!!

BOB SIDEBOTTOM

73 E. SAN FERNANDO

SAN JOSE' CA 95113 • 287-2254





PROLOGUE

YOU ASK ME WHAT HAS HAPPENED?
I'LL TELL YOU, HELLSPAWN! AFTER YOU
LEFT BARON JOHNN AND I TO OUR
DUEL, I RAN HIM THROUGH THE
THROAT WITH FORCE THAT DROVE MY
BLADE DEEP INTO YONDER WALL!

I LEFT HIM HANGING THERE AND WENT
TO SEARCH OUT OINTMENTS FOR MY
LILA'S WOUNDS... AND WHEN I RE-
TURNED... WHEN I RETURNED...
JOHNN WAS GONE AND LILA LAY ON
THE FLOOR, KILLED WITH MY SWORD!

NOW LEAVE ME, THAT I
MIGHT FIND WITHIN THE
COURAGE TO JOIN HER...

NO! YOU
CAN NOT!



WHAT GIVES YOU THE RIGHT?

THE ONE WHOSE BODY YOU HOLD SO CLOSE GAVE ME THE RIGHT!

THIS BEAUTIFUL WOMAN...

YOU ARE NOT THE ONLY CREATURE TO SUFFER FROM JOHN'S CRUELTY.

HE DECIMATED MY RACE AND MADE US SLAVES, UNTIL SHE CAME...

WHO GAVE YOU YOUR COURAGE...

I KNOW A PLACE...

AND ME MY KINDNESS.

AND SHOWED US THE COURAGE TO LIVE LIFE AGAIN, NO MATTER HOW HARD IT MIGHT BE?

VERY WELL, DEMON...

COME?

LET US FIND A FITTING PLACE FOR THE LAST RITES OF THIS GENTLE WOMAN...

LATER, high atop
a tower of
stone, the demons
help Cron build a
pyre for his belov-
ed Lila ..



THEY watch him
put a torch to
the dry wood and
then they leave..



FOR they, unlike
most men, know
that there are times
when words cannot
define the loss...



AUTUMN EVENING



A TOAST, FRIENDS!

TO RIPE, ROUND MORTAL DELIGHTS...

JACK!!

AND IF NO ONE OBJECTS...

I'LL TAKE A BIT OF WHAT JACK'S HAVING.

TO OUR PROTECTOR...

BARON CROM!

I OBJECT!

ANY MAN WHO SPENDS HIS DAYS WITH DEMONS IS UP TO NO GOOD WHAT SO EVER!

WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT?

I'LL SAY THIS, TOM BYRNE, I REMEMBER WHEN WE WERE SMALL...

AND YOU...

HA? YOU TELL HIM MOLLY?

WOULD SPEND HOURS HUNTING FOR FLIES IN YOUR RAISINS?

LET ME NOW ASK YOU THIS, THOMAS? WHEN, BEFORE CROM BECAME BARON...

WOULD IT HAVE BEEN SAFE TO LEAVE YOUR WIFE HOME ALONE AT NITE?

HAH! YOU CHOSE THE WRONG MAN TO ASK THAT, JACK!

TOM'S WIFE IS SO UGLY THAT SHE COULD WALK NAKED DOWN THE MAIN ROAD ON SATURDAY NIGHT AND NOT BE TOUCHED!

SHUT UP!

THE PINT MY HAND IN

I WARNED YOU, YOU OVERSTUFFED TOAD, BUT YOU WOULDN'T KEEP QUIET? NOW, YOU'LL PAY...

NO, TOM! DON'T DO IT! HE DIDN'T KNOW ANY BETTER?

NO, TOM, LISTEN TO CHIMO, MARIE WOULD DIE WITHOUT YOU, AND YOU KNOW IT!

NO? BY THE HOLY ORM, NO?

PLEASE...

WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO MARIE IF YOU GET THROWN INTO JAIL??

I'M NOT LISTENING, CHIMO? HE'S GONNA DIE?

SAY YOUR PRAYERS MISTER—YOU'LL NEED THEM!

YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT, JACK?

NOTICE HOW I RE-SEAT HIM WITH NO HARM?

OOOOOF?

YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, YOU THWICE CURSED ASS?

MISTER, YOU'VE HAD A BIT OF LUCK...

DON'T PUSH IT!

NOW THEN, JACK, LET'S GET BACK TO OUR DISCUSSION? IF BARON CROM IS GOOD AS YOU THINK, HOW DOES HE EXPLAIN COLLECTING TAXES FOR DEFENCE AND THEN GOING AND SETTING UP THAT DRINKED STATUE OF A NUDE GIRL?

IT IS GENERALLY KNOWN THAT, SINCE I OWN THIS INN AND RUN IT, I HAVE A KNACK WITH FIGURING. SO, WHEN HE FIRST BECAME BARON, CROM HAD ME GO OVER JOHN'S STORES OF VALUABLES...

WANTED TO TAKE IT BACK, BUT HE WANTED NOT TO SHORT CHANGE US WHEN HE DID? WELL, I FIGURED OUT THAT HE HAD A HUNDRED POUNDS OF GOLD COMING TO HIM?

ANG? YOU HAVE AN ANSWER FOR EVERYTHING? SATYR'S NIGHT IS JUST TWO DAYS AWAY, SO LET'S START TO WARM UP FOR IT?



I KNOW THE ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTION, THOMAS.



JOHN HAD STOLEN SOME GOLD FROM CROM, AND CROM...




I THINK THAT IS WHAT PAID FOR THE STATUE?



MAY I PROPOSE A TOAST? YES? THEN—

"HERE'S TO OUR PROTECTOR, BARON CROM—AND HIS BLESSED STATUE..."



YOU KNOW THAT I DIDN'T KNOW THAT MY DRYAD SISTERS HAD GIVEN BARON JONN A POTION TO MAKE HIS WOUNDS HEAL ALMOST INSTANTANEOUSLY SO HE'D SET ME FREE, CROM?

YES, I KNOW THAT, SO?

SO, WHY DO YOU HATE ME SO?

HATE YOU? WHAT GAVE YOU THAT IDEA, XANTHIA?

WELL...

YOU KNOW MY REASONS. THE DEMONS BELIEVE THAT JONN WILL STRIKE AT ME ON THE ANIVERSARY OF

OUR FIRST BATTLE... SATYR'S NIGHT!

IF YOU DO NOT HATE ME WHY'D YOU TURN DOWN MY INVITATION TO SPEND SATYR'S NIGHT TOGETHER?

(AND I MUST BE READY...)

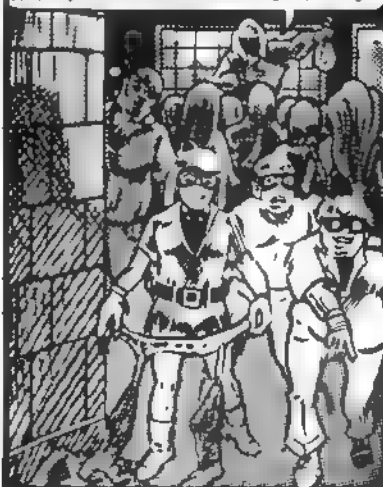
FOR JONN MUST DIE SO I MAY LIVE ONCE AGAIN!

SATYR'S NIGHT

ATTENTION, PEOPLE OF MERRIWEATHER! BARON CROM COULD NOT BE WITH US TONITE, BUT HE ASKED ME TO READ THIS SHORT SPEECH FOR HIM. IT SAYS: "IN ANCIENT TIMES WHEN...

WEALTH ABOUNDED, MEN WOULD GIVE OTHER MEN GIFTS OF SILVER AND GOLD. BUT NOW WE KNOW OUR TRUE TREASURES ARE OURSELVES, HENCE WE GIVE OURSELVES FREELY...

ON SATYR'S NIGHT, I GIVE YOU GOLD ENOUGH FOR FREE WINE AT THE INN UNTIL DAWN, AND I GIVE YOU THIS ORDER: LET NO ONE'S WILDEST FANTASY GO UNFULFILLED!" GO TO IT!



THIS IS SATYR'S NIGHT, THE ONE NIGHT IN THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY FIVE WHEN IT SEEMS NO MAN WOULD BE ALONE, BUT THERE ARE SOME WHO SHARE THIS COLD NIGHT WITH NO OTHER...

BY CHOICE...

BY CHANCE...

OR DESTINY...

AND THERE IS ONE OTHER...

WHO IS MORE THAN ALONE...

THOMAS, WHAT IS ALL THAT NOISE COMING FROM TOWN?

DIDN'T I TELL YOU, MARIE? IT'S SATYR'S NIGHT?

TOM! HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT...

SATYR'S NIGHT.

TOM, YOU SHOULD BE OUT THERE SLEEPING WITH A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN!

BUT I WILL SLEEP WITH A BEAUTY.

AS SOON AS YOU'RE READY FOR BED?

WHEN YOU KNOW WHAT HORROR HIDES BENEATH MY VEIL?

PERHAPS I CAN SAY IT BECAUSE I RECALL THAT FIVE YEARS AGO...

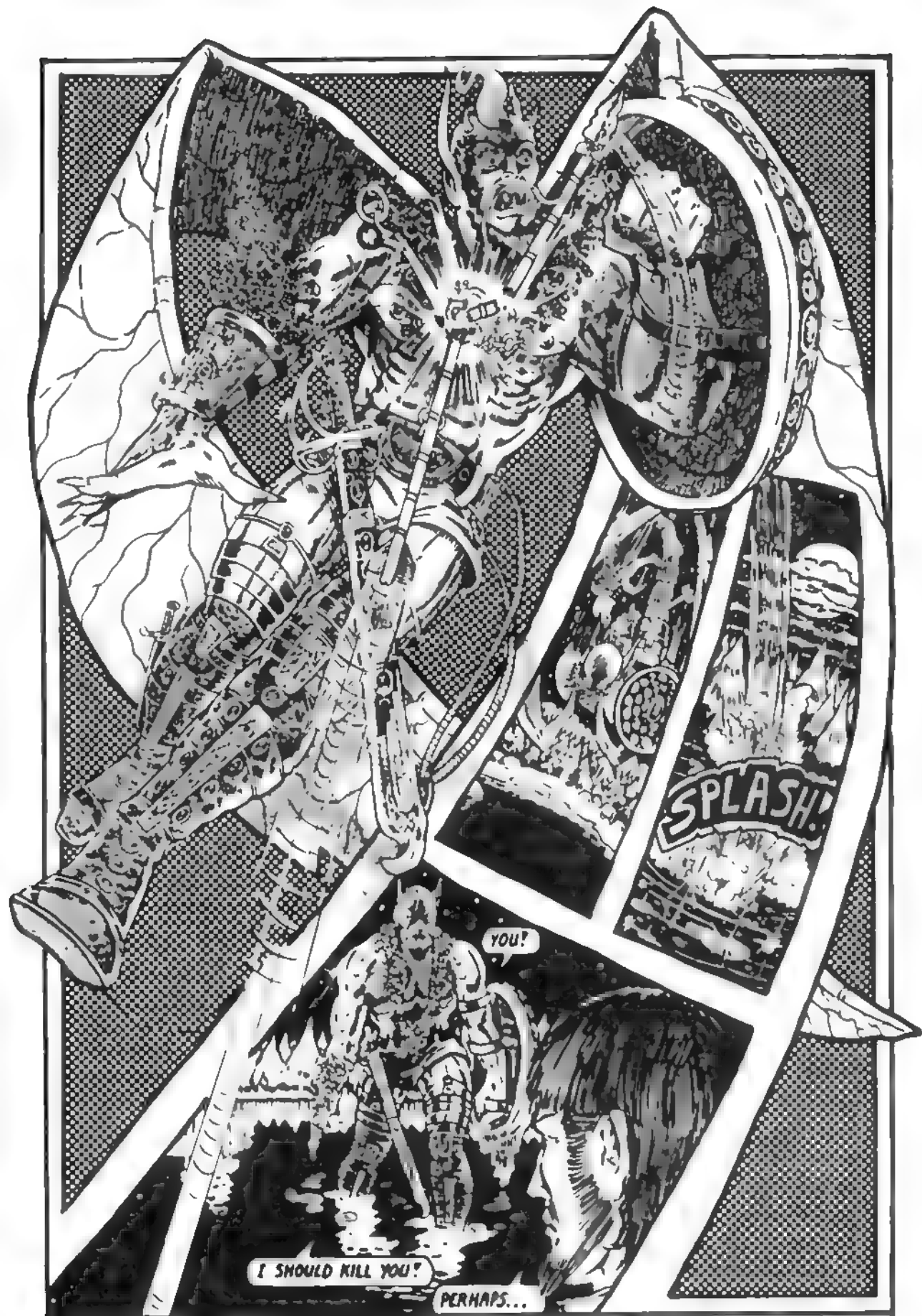
SO LET'S GO TO BED AND CELEBRATE THIS NIGHT?

OH, TOM...

SOMETIMES....

TO THIS VERY EVE, WHEN WE FIRST MET, I TOLD YOU, 'YOUR TRUE BEAUTY LIES INSIDE.'

WHILE ELSEWHERE...



PERHAPS YOU
SHOULD KILL
ME...

BUT FIRST,
HEAR ME
OUT!

BARI, FETCH MY GIFT FOR
MY OLD FRIENDS, THE DE-
MONS...

IMMEDIATELY,
BARON JONN!

SECONDS
LATER...

SO SAID I, WHEN I
FOUND HER, WHILE RUM-
AGING FOR WEAPONS
IN THE ANCIENT CITY.

BUT SHE'S REAL
AND YOURS—FOR
A SLIGHT FAVOR?

WHAT TREASON DO
YOU ASK OF ME,
JONN?

IT CANNOT BE?

NO ACT OF
TREASON!

YOU FORGET THAT I AM BARON
BY BIRTH...

AND CROM
IS THE
USURPER!

NOW, IF YOU WANT THIS
LAST DEMONESS...

"ALL YOU NEED DO IS TELL CROM
THAT I'M ONE KILO FARTHER AWAY
THAN I AM, AND THAT MY CAMP
IS IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION
FROM ITS TRUE LOCATION."

SO SPEAKS JONN...

THEN, JONN ASKS
THE DEMON TO
LEAVE AND
DECIDE...

AND NOT KNOWING WHETHER TO
CHOOSE LOVE AND CONTINUATION
OF HIS RACE OR FREEDOM FOR
ALL FROM JONN'S RULE, HE GOES.

JONN, MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T HAVE
LET THE DEMON GO? I KNOW WE

OUTNUMBER CROM'S
FORCES, BUT
WHAT HAPPENS
IF HE WARNS
CROM...

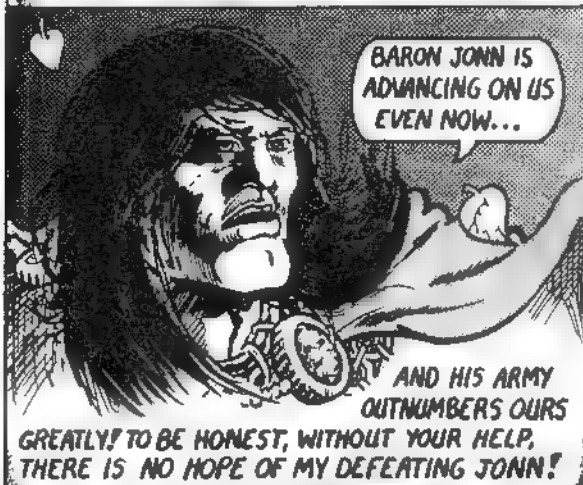
AND CROM EVENS UP
THE ODDS BY GET-
TING THE VILLAGERS
TO FIGHT FOR HIM!

YOU NEEDN'T WORRY,
BARI...

TOM BYRNE AND HIS FRIENDS
WERE THE ONLY ONES WHO'D
DEFY ME, AND WHEN I BROKE
HIM, I BROKE ALL THE OTHERS!

I HOPE SO, JONN. I HOPE SO...

ONE HOUR LATER, AT THE FOOT OF CROM'S STATUE.



BARON JONN IS
ADVANCING ON US
EVEN NOW...

AND HIS ARMY
OUTNUMBERS OURS
GREATLY! TO BE HONEST, WITHOUT YOUR HELP,
THERE IS NO HOPE OF MY DEFEATING JONN!



SO TONITE, YOU'LL
HAVE TO CHOOSE
YOUR FUTURE—BY
SITTING BACK...

AND LET-
TING JONN
WIN...

OR BY JOINING
ME IN A FIGHT
FOR FREEDOM!

A HUSH FALLS ON
THE GATHERING.

SUDDENLY, THE TERRIBLE SILENCE IS BROKEN...



I GO WITH
BARON
CROM!

MY HOME BEARS
JONN'S MARK—IF WE
ALLOW HIM TO RETURN
HOW MANY OF YOURS
WILL? NOW, TELL THE
BARON YOUR CHOICE!

THE DEMON WATCHES AND
WONDERS IF HE MADE THE
CORRECT DECISION IN
TELLING CROM THE
TRUTH ABOUT JONN.



WHO
CAN BLAME HIM FOR
THINKING WISTFUL-
LY OF THE
SHE DEMON...

THINKING
OF HER
LITHE
FORM...

AND NOT THE
MADNESS IN
HER EYES?

HER
CRYSTAL
WINGS...

YOU HAVE YOUR ARMY, CROM!
LEAD US TO THE ARMORY!

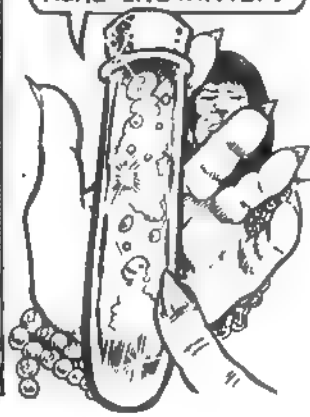




AT THE ARMORY... CROM! PRAISE ORM
YOU'RE STILL HERE!

WHAT, XANTHIA?

I CAME TO GIVE YOU
THIS! IT'S THE SAME
POTION WE GAVE JONN.
IT WILL MAKE ANY
INJURIES YOU GET
HEAL INSTANTLY!



XANTHIA, PLEASE TRY TO UNDER-
STAND... I CAN'T TAKE IT!
THESE MEN ARE GOING TO RISK
THEIR LIVES BATTLING JONN,
AND I CANNOT RISK ANY
LESS AND STILL BE A
MAN!



I UNDER-
STAND, CROM.

MORNING.



'IN THE GOLDEN
GARDEN BIRD OF
PEACE...

'STANDS THE SILVER
GIRL, THE WILD
JEWEL'S NIECE...

'PAINTS IN PRETTY
COLOURS CHILDREN'S
DRAWINGS ON THE
WALL...



'ROOK OF
DOUBT...

'I CAST YOU
OUT...



'BEGONE YOUR
RAGGED CALL...



'IN THE FOREST THICK
A TRICK OF LIGHT...



'MAKES AN IMAGE
MAGNET TO MY SIGHT...



'GOWN OF PURPLE
VELVET...

'ENCHANTED, GLAZED EYE...



'A SOUND OF
WINGS...



'AND SPARKLING
RINGS...

BEHOLD THE CRIMSON SKY

THE BATTLE RAGES THRU DAY INTO NITE AND INTO DAY AGAIN. AND ALWAYS...

AT THE FORE, BLADE WHIS-
TELLING...

FIGHTING FOR LIFE AND VEN-
GEANCE AND FREEDOM...

IS CROM! INVINCIBLE-A
TERROR TO HIS FOES!





UNTIL AT
LAST...

THEY'RE RUNNING
WE'VE WON!

DO YOU DE-
MONS HAVE
THE BOXES I
GAVE YOU?

YES...

BUT I DON'T
SEE WHY...

YOU GAVE
US THEM!

NO? WELL, WHEN I CATCH
JONN, THEIR PURPOSE WILL
BECOME PERFECTLY CLEAR!
SO, LET'S GO GET HIM!

THIS IS IT, JONN,
WE'VE LOST...

YES, I KNOW
THAT, AND I
KNOW WHAT
YOU THINK,
BARI.

YOU THINK THAT
IF I HADN'T BEEN
A COWARD-AFRAID TO
SHOW MY FACE - THE
BATTLE WOULD HAVE
GONE IN OUR FAVOR?
LET ME TELL YOU, BARI...

I CURSE THE DAY I
TOOK THE DRYAD'S
POTION! IT MADE ME
ALMOST UNKILLABLE-
ALMOST IMMORTAL!?

AND
NOW...

SOMEHOW...

I CAN'T BEAR
TO RISK LOS-
ING IT!

OK, JONN!

MINUTES LATER...

WHUP! WHUP! WHUP!

THAT SOUND?

NO!

NO, JONN!

**YOU CAN'T
LEAVE ME!**

DEMON! JONN'S IN
THAT THING-STOP
HIM!

IT WON'T WORK,
CROM...

WHATEVER IT IS,
THAT THING IS
TOO FAST FOR
ANY OF US!

THEN IT'S OVER. WE'VE WON
BUT JONN ESCAPES UN-
HARMED...

PERHAPS NOT—IF
YOU'LL TAKE THIS
SCABBARD...

AND GENTLY
TWIST THE
SECOND STONE!

I'VE DONE AS YOU SAID, DEMON. NOW WHAT?

**THINK OF JONN
AND WAIT? WHEN MY
FATHER'S GRANDFATHER
WAS A YOUTH, OUR RACE
WAS NOTED FOR BEING
CRAFTSMEN, AND THIS IS
ONE OF THEIR CREATIONS!**



CRAFTSMEN? NO. THE DEMONS' ANCESTORS WERE MAGICIANS!

MICROTHIN BITS OF GOLD TELESCOPE AND TRANSFORM...

UNTIL CROM NO LONGER HOLDS A GEM STUDDED SCABBARD...

BUT A GIANT SCREAMING GOLDEN BIRD!

AND EVEN MORE MAGICALLY, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN TOO MANY YEARS...

A DEMON LAUGHS.

LAUGHS LOUD AND LONG AT CROM'S AMAZEMENT OVER THE TRANSFORMATION...

AND KNOWS HE MADE A GOOD CHOICE BY SIDING WITH THIS MAN.

BY THE GREAT ORM!

THE GIANT METAL BIRD EFFORTLESSLY LIFTS CROM INTO THE AIR IN PURSUIT OF JONN...

WHAT TO-

I DON'T KNOW...

WHERE THAT OAF GOT THAT FLYING THING...

BUT IF HE GETS CLOSER, HE'S GOOD AS DEAD!



WHILE TRAILING BEHIND...

HURRY, WE'VE GOT TO STAY CLOSE!

CROM NEEDS THE BOXES WE CARRY TO DEFEAT JONN!

AND ON THE GROUND...

JACK-LOOK UP IN THE SKY!

GET TOM, CHINO, I'LL GET THE OTHERS!

WE'RE GONNA FOLLOW THOSE THINGS!

HA! THAT FOOL, EVEN IF HIS DAGGER COULD HIT ME, THE CUT WOULD HEAL IN A SECOND!

I HOPE YOU ENJOYED THROWING THAT, MISTER...


EVEN BROKEN BONES HEAL IN MINUTES!

BECAUSE IT'S THE LAST THING YOU'LL EVER DO!

REALLY, JONN? THE BLADE BOUNCES OFF THE PLEXIGLASS BUBBLE OF THE HELICOPTER AND CUTS A THIN CABLE?

NO! IT CAN'T BE! THE CONTROLS WON'T WORK! I'M GOING TO CRASH!

SWAP!




WHY AM I SO SCARED?
IF I CRASH IN THE
FOREST, THE TREES WILL
CUSHION MY FALL AND
I'LL WALK AWAY AND
CROM AND THE OTHERS
WON'T EVER FIND ME!




THEN I'LL BE
HOME FR—

THAT STATUE!
THAT DAMNED
STATUE!



I CAN'T BE-
LIEVE IT!

THE MACHINE IS
DEMOLISHED, BUT
I STILL LIVE!



NOW NOTHING
CAN STOP ME?

NOTHING
AT...

CRASH!!



THE IMPACT OF THE FALLING STATUE DRIVES JONN INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS. THEN, SOME TIME LATER, A DISTANT CHOPPING SOUND INVADDES HIS MURKY MIND, DRAGGING HIM BACK TO REALITY...

AH, I'M GLAD YOU CAME TO, JONN! NOW YOU CAN SEE HOW LILA'S STATUE HAS AVENGED HER DEATH...

BY TRAPPING YOU UNTIL I COULD—UH—

CUT YOU DOWN TO SIZE A BIT!

JONN SCREAMS A HIDEOUS AIR-LESS SCREAM.

NOW, LET ME SHOW YOU YOUR NEW HOME! DEMON, BRING THE LAST BOX OVER HERE!

THE REST OF YOUR BODY, AS YOU MIGHT HAVE GUESSED, HAS ALREADY BEEN CHOPPED INTO PIECES AND PUT INTO THE BOXES THE OTHER DEMONS CARRY. AND JUST TO BE SURE YOU DON'T GROW A NEW BODY, LIKE THE DRIMBS THOUGHT YOU MIGHT, YOU'LL HAVE SOME COMPANY IN THERE.

YOU SHOULD LIKE THEM, JONN, THEY'RE YOUR OWN KIND!

RATS.

THEN THE LID CLICKS SHUT...

WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE BOXES, CROM, BUT NOW, WELL, WE HAVE NOT FOUND A TRACE OF THE DEMONESS...

SAY NO MORE—I WISH YOU LUCK WITH YOUR SEARCH, MY FRIEND.

IT'S OVER, LILA...

IT'S FINALLY OVER.

HE'D FOUND THE KEY... BUT SOME KEYS UNLOCK MORE THAN ONE DOOR...!

WRONG EXIT!

FIVE YEARS HAD PASSED SINCE I'D LAST HEARD FROM WILLIAM FLYNN... OH, WE WROTE TO ONE ANOTHER FOR AWHILE, BUT HIS RESEARCH SEEMED TO TAKE HIM TO TRACKLESS, OBSCURE AREAS OF THE EARTH, WHERE OUR COMMUNICATIONS EVENTUALLY FAILED ALTOGETHER. THIS SURPRISED ME; FOR, THO' HE HAD BEEN SHY AND SECRETIVE TOWARDS EVERYONE ELSE AT THE UNIVERSITY, HE WOULD AT TIMES CONFIDE IN ME, PERHAPS BECAUSE WE WERE BOTH WORKING ON OUR PH.D'S AT THE TIME. MORE LIKELY IT WAS BECAUSE EVERYONE ELSE THOUGHT HE WAS NUTS—YOU KNOW, HIS INTEREST IN THE OCCULT, TALKING ABOUT "THE ARTS OF THE ELDER GODS" OR "THE ALIEN SCIENCES." UNLIKE THE OTHERS, I HUMORED HIM INSTEAD OF LAUGHING, THO' I PAID LITTLE ATTENTION TO HIS ODD IDEAS FOR HE WAS A GENIUS IN PHYSICS DESPITE IT ALL...

THEN, AFTER ALL BUT FORGETTING HIM, THERE CAME A TELEGRAM!...

"HMM! 'GAYS HERE, 'MUST TALK WITH YOU—NEED YOUR HELP.'"

?? "MEET ME AT THE ECHO INN—11:30 P.M... TOMORROW NITE... PLEASE COME... W.FLYNN!"

CURIOSITY GOT THE BEST OF ME. THE NEXT NIGHT FOUND ME IN A RUNDOWN PIVE AT THE EDGE OF TOWN, EXCITEDLY TALKING WITH MY FORMER COLLEAGUE OVER CHEAP WINE...

NOW LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT: YOU'RE SUGGESTING YOU'VE PERFECTED SOME SORT OF TELEPORTATION DEVICE? WHY, MODERN SCIENCE HAVN'T ANYWHERE NEAR THE INFORMATION YET TO..."



EXACTLY!

ONE MUST LOOK
ELSEWHERE FOR
THE ANSWERS...

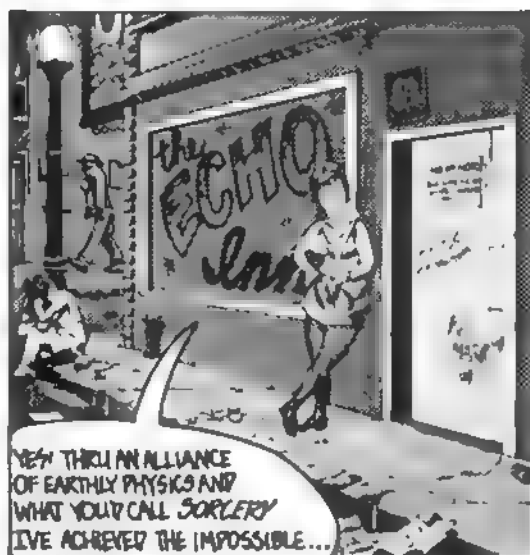


TO SOURCES
LINKDOWN AS
YET TO "MODERN
PAY SCIENCE!"

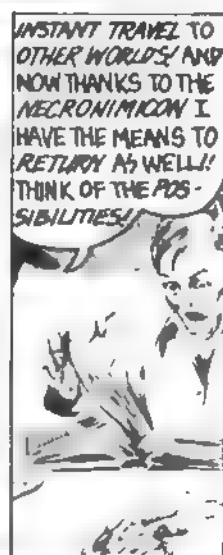


THIS
SOURCE?

WHA? THE
NECRONIMICON!!



YES! THRU AN ALLIANCE
OF EARTHLY PHYSICS AND
WHAT YOU'D CALL SORcery
I'VE ACHIEVED THE IMPOSSIBLE...



INSTANT TRAVEL TO
OTHER WORLDS! AND
NOW THANKS TO THE
NECRONIMICON I
HAVE THE MEANS TO
RETURN AS WELL!
THINK OF THE POS-
SIBILITIES!

OUT THERE IS AN INFINITE UNIVERSE-WITH
AN INFINITE NUMBER OF STARS, AND PLANETS-
THIS WE KNOW. BUT NONE HAVE SUFFICIENTLY
REALIZED WHAT THIS MEANS:

AN INFINITY OF POSSIBILITIES! EVERY
DREAM-WORLD, EVERY FICTIONALIZED 'EARTH'
WITHIN PHYSICAL POSSIBILITY MUST EXIST,
SOMEWHERE IN THIS VAST, INFINITE UNIVERSE!
IMAGINE! TARZAN, FRODO BAGGINS, JAMES
BOND, PETER PAN, MICHAEL SMITH- THEY
ALL EXIST, SOMEWHERE!!

FLYNN! THIS
BOOK- HIDEIOUS!
GASP! I THOUGHT-

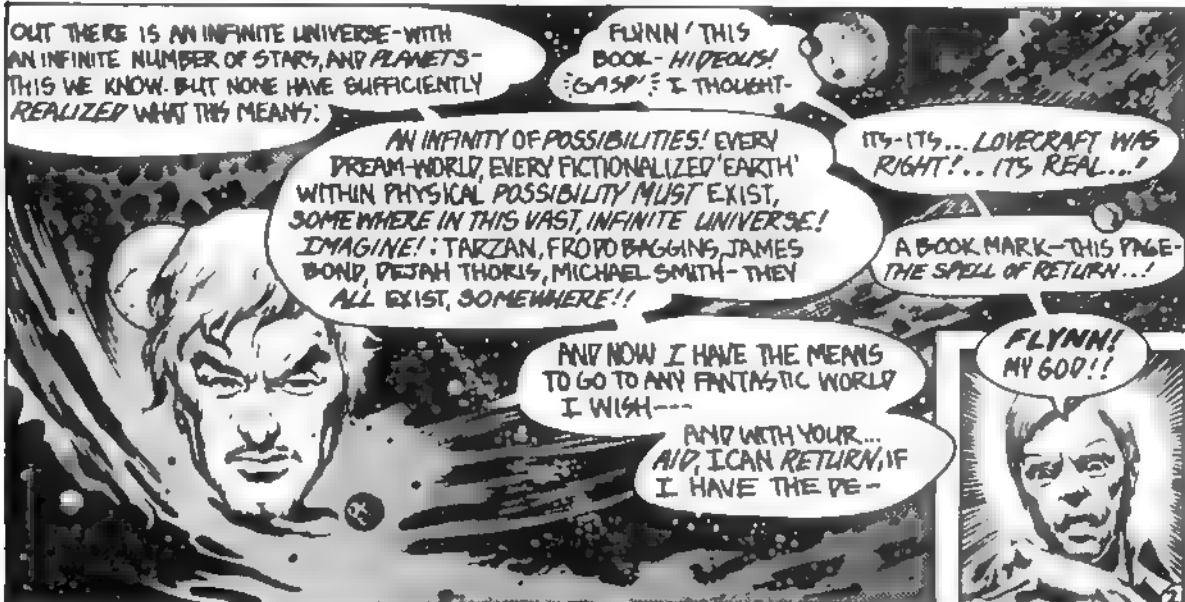
IT'S-IT'S... LOVECRAFT WAS
RIGHT!... IT'S REAL...

A BOOK MARK- THIS PAGE-
THE SPELL OF RETURN...

AND NOW I HAVE THE MEANS
TO GO TO ANY FANTASTIC WORLD
I WISH---

AND WITH YOUR...
AID, I CAN RETURN, IF
I HAVE THE PE--

FLYNN!
MY GOD!!



TH-THIS SPELL.../...C-CALLS F-FOR...GASP...THE DEATH OF-A-AN OLD FRIEND.../LHH!

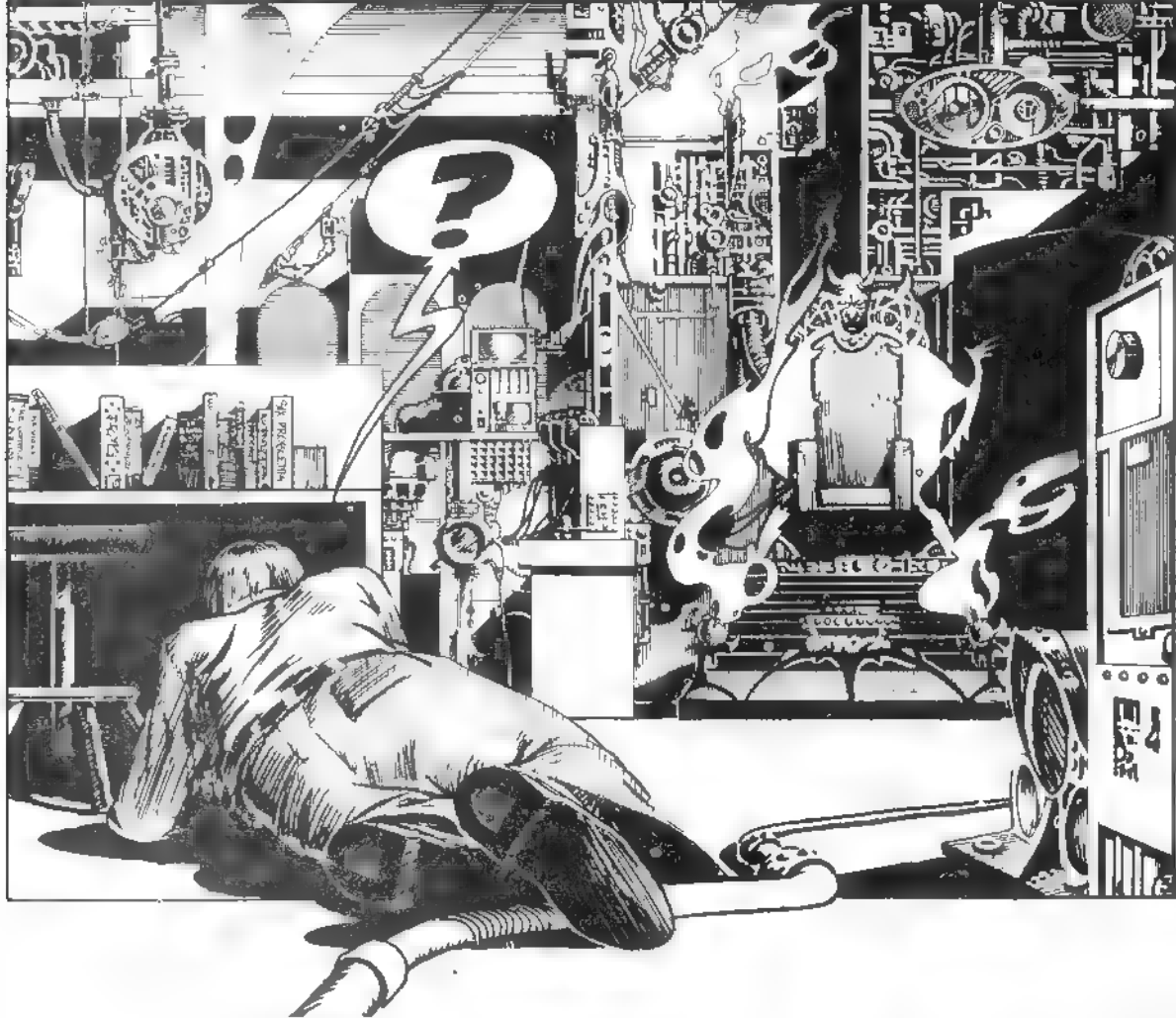


THE WINE HAD BEEN DRUGGED BY FLYNN BEFORE I ARRIVED. THE LAST THING I SAW BEFORE BLACKING OUT WAS HIS FACE...LEERING AT ME FROM ABOVE...!

MY, MY! WHAT A PITY...

...SEEMS MY COLLEAGUE HAS HAD A FEW TOO MANY!...

WHEN I CAME TO, I WAS DUMFOUNDED BY THE SIGHT THAT MET MY EYES...





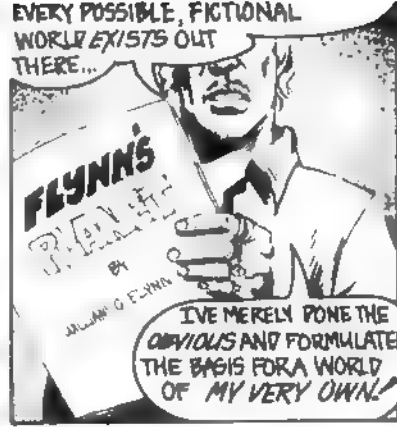
AM SO YOU'RE AWAKE, NOW, EH? JUST IN TIME...



EVERYTHING'S READY FOR MY DEPARTURE!

WHERE?

WHY, WHERE ELSE, YOU FOOL? I HAVE ALL INFINITY TO CHOOSE FROM!



EVERY POSSIBLE, FICTIONAL WORLD EXISTS OUT THERE...

I'VE MERELY DONE THE OBVIOUS AND FORMULATED THE BASIS FOR A WORLD OF MY VERY OWN!



...A WORLD WHERE I REIGN SUPREME! -WHERE EVERY BEING BOWS TO MY WILL!

HA HA HA IT CRINGE, VA GEEKS?

NO ONE WILL TITTER AND GIGGLE BEHIND MY BACK AGAIN! I WILL RULE ABOVE THEM ALL AS THEIR GOD-KING!!

AND THAT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING! I WILL AMASS ARMIES TOGETHER, AND WITH YOUR LIFE, THE DOORWAY SHALL REMAIN... TO BE REOPENED AT MY WILL... SO THAT I MAY RETURN TO EARTH AS CONQUEROR OF TWO WORLDS!! I-



MAN, YOU HAVE TAKEN LEAVE OF YOUR SENSES!! I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE MAD! YOU'RE CRAZY!! YOU-



NO! I AM NOT INSANE!

HNH!

NO NO NO!

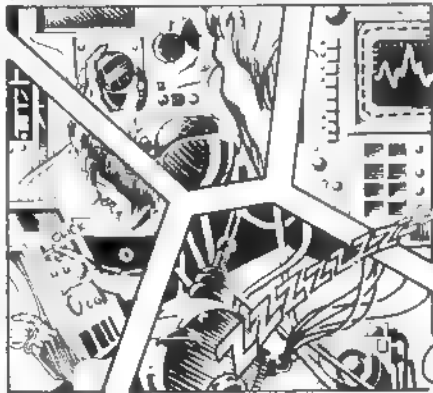
POW POW POW!



WOULDFE HAD TO DIE ANYWAY! NOW, TIME TO GO!



LEAVING ME FOR DEAD, FLYNN RUSHED HERE AND THERE IN THE LAB, THROWING SWITCHES AND TURNING DIALS, UNTIL THE LAB WAS A SIZZLING VORTEX OF BARELY CONTROLLABLE ENERGY!!



FLYNN SAT IN A SEAT OF POWER AT THE CENTER OF IT ALL AND CALLED OUT

SH'ALUGAR! DOMNIT MONABT SKELA LIGA!



SKELA L'GAPH TCHAK! I'COL NA SH'ALUGAR ADABI!!

THEN... WHO CALLS?

SH'ALUGAR! I CALL YOU TO SEND ME TO THE WORLD DESCRIBED IN THE BOOK I HOLD!! OH GREAT ONE...



I OFFER YOU THIS DEATH TO COMPLETE THE SPELL—THAT I MAY RETURN TO EARTH WHEN I WISH!! O GREAT ONE—SEND ME FORTH—NOW!!

VERY WELL... YOU SHALL GO...



...BUT NOT RETURN! THE SPELL IS INCOMPLETE! THE VICTIM IS NOT DEAD!!

WHA—

I HAD MANAGED TO STRUGGLE TO MY SHAKING FEET!!



YOU ONLY HIT ME IN THE—THE SHOULDER...

I MUST BE ABLE TO COME BACK—TO CONQUER... NOW—WHY I... I'LL KILL YOU WITH MY TWO HANDS!

STAY THYSELF! THE TIME OF LEAVING IS AT HAND!



FLYNN RUSHED TO GET OUT OF THE POWER CENTER

NO! WAIT! I'LL FINISH HIM OFF! I—



I HAD TO STOP HIM! I PICKED UP THE NEAREST THING AROUND... A LARGE, HEAVY BOOK—!



THIS CHANGES ALL MY PLANS...! DAMN YOU—DIE!

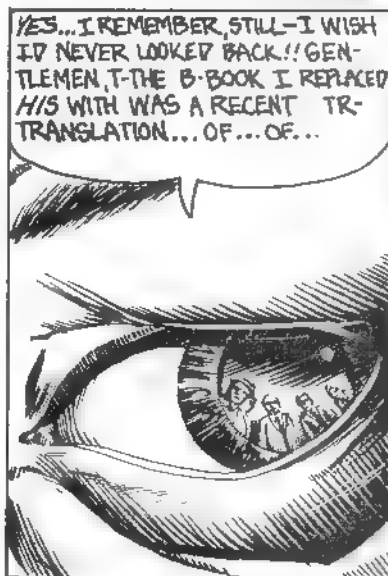
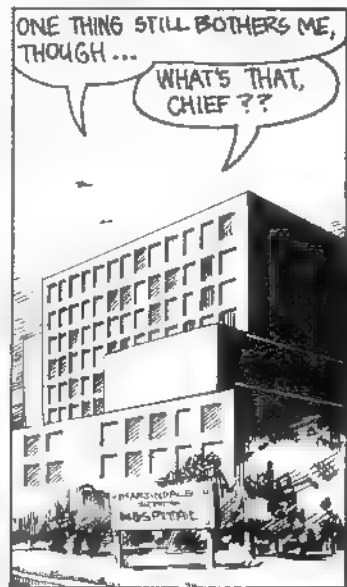




I THREW THE BOOK WITH EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH LEFT IN MY GOOD ARM... FLYNN CAUGHT IT BUT HE WAS OFF-BALANCED AND PROPPED TO THE FLOOR!



I'M AFRAID IT WAS ALL TOO MUCH FOR MY MIND TO HANDLE... I FAINTED! ©





BE CALM, FAIR
ONE. HEADLESS
DOGS BITE NOT
... NOR NAUGHT
ELSE!

WHO
BE YE?

I AM THETIA,
ON A JOURNEY
TO A DESTINY
BEYOND YOUR
COMPREHENSION.
YOU'VE SAVED ME
FROM A FATE
WORSE THAN
DEATH.


HA! NOT SO
TIS A FATE DUE ALL FAIR MAIDS,
THOUGH IT MAY COME WITH
FAR GREATER PLEASURE... AS
I SHALL SOON SHOW YOU!


NO! IT MUST
NOT BE!

MY MAIDENHEAD
MUST REMAIN ERE
I COMPLETE MY
JOURNEY... YET.

YET I FIND YOU
STRONG... HANDSOME
I'LL GIVE YOU LOVE,
BUT IN A DIFFERENT
WAY... A BETTER
WAY...



 RUSHING HER MOLLITIOUS BREASTS AGAINST ULL'S BRAWNY BULK, THETIA KISSES HIM WITH UNRESTRAINED PASSION. A MOMENT LATER, HER LIPS LEAVE HIS, GLIDING ROUND HIS BULL NECK, HIS ARCHING CHEST, THE HARD RIDGES OF HIS FLAT BELLY, LEAVING A WET TRAIL LEADING DOWNWARD, EVER DOWNWARD. HER FINGERS FUMBLE FOR A MOMENT, AND THEN, ULL'S BEARSKIN DROPS AWAY AND HIS PROUDLY ERECT VIRILITY SPRINGS FORTH. THETIA GRIPS HIS SHAFT WITH BOTH HANDS AND LEANS OVER ULL'S FLAT BELLY. HER TONGUE FLICKS OUT, TEASING THE TURGID FLESH, UNTIL, WITH A GROWL ULL FORCES HER HEAD DOWNWARD. THETIA'S WARM MOUTH OPENS WIDE AND SHE CAPTURES HIM.

 A FEW SECONDS PASS AND THETIA'S LIPS WRITHE AROUND THE HEAD OF THE MONSTER SHAFT. ULL GROANS WITH PLEASURE AS HIS THROBBING HARDNESS IS ENGULFED IN SWEET, LIQUID HEAT. THETIA'S HANDS GRIP HIS THIGHS, THEN LEAVE, TO GENTLY FONDLE HIS HEAVY GLOBES. HER LUBRICIOUS MOUTH SLIDES FASTER AND FASTER UP AND DOWN THE ROCK-HARD MANHOOD OF ULL. HIS MIGHTY FRAME SPASMS IN ECSTATIC PLEASURE. SWEAT GLISTENS ON HIS POWERFUL BODY. HIS MUSCLES TENSE. HIS BUTTOCKS RAISE UP, FORCING HIS SHAFT DEEPLY DOWN THETIA'S THROAT AND WITH A HOWL, HE ERUPTS. THETIA'S MOUTH IS FILLED WITH THE HEAVY NECTAR AND SHE CAN ONLY GURGLE.

"ULL"
"ULL"
"ULL"
"ULL"
"ULL"



ATER, ULL INSISTS THAT HE ACCOMPANY THE STRANGE GIRL TO HER DESTINATION. RELUCTANTLY THETIA AGREES. SOON THEY ARRIVE BEFORE AN ANCIENT, LUGUBRIOUS CASTLE. ULL IS FILLED WITH FOREBODING



WARRIOR! LEAVE THIS PLACE WHILEST YOU MAY. THANATOS GRANTS IT!

THANATOS! I'LL GRANT THANATOS DEATH!

DEATH
DEATH
TO-TO
ME?

A GESTURE...
AND ULL SPIRALS IN COLDNESS

SO, YOU STIR, MORTAL!
GOOD! YOU SHALL
BE WITNESS TO
THE CEREMONY

ARMTH RETURNS
TO ULL'S BODY
HE STIRS— ONLY TO
DISCOVER HIM—
SELF FETTERED
TO A STONE WALL
BEFORE HIM LOOMS
A SINISTER, ROBED
FIGURE WITH A
BRUTISH HENCHMAN
THETIA IS GARBED
AS IS A BRIDE, HER
SOMNAMBULANT STATE
HINTS AT DRUGS. SHE
RESISTS NOT AS SHE
IS STRETCHED UPON
A WEIRD ALTAR.
THE BLACK ROBE
BEGINS TO CHANT

PUGNALATA
LA PERDITA!

DOG! YOU'D SLAY
WOMEN? SEE HOW
YOU FARE 'GAINST
ULL!

THETIA OFFERS
NO RESISTENCE TO
THE BLADE PLACED
IN THE CONCAVITY
OF HER RIB ARCH.
THANATOS CEASES
TO CHANT—AND THE
BRUTE SINKS THE
SWORD INTO THETIA'S
WRITHING BODY! SHE
SCREAMS AND ARCHES
HER BODY, EMBRACING
THE THRUSTING STEEL
AS IF IT IS A PHALLUS
AND SHE SMITTEN
WITH A WANTON
LUST FOR DEATH!
CLEARLY BERSERK, ULL
SNAPS HIS CHAINS,
ROARING, HIS
MOUTH AFOAM HE
LEAPS FOR THE
SLAYERS OF THETIA

THANATOS
HAS NO TIME
FOR YOU,
BARBARIAN!

BUT—I'VE
TIME FOR
YOU!

TIME TO
SLAY YOU,
BLACKROBED
BASTARD!



THANATOS FLEES!
HE LEAVES HIS
MINIONS TO DEAL
WITH ME!



FOR OVER AN HOUR, ULL
REAPS HAVOC AMONGST
THE DAEMONIC FORCES.
BUT ALL HUMANS HAVE LIMITS
OF ENDURANCE... AND EVEN SO
MIGHTY A WARRIOR AS ULL
IS STILL ONLY HUMAN.

HOLD!
TOUCH NOT THIS
MORTAL! YOUR
NEW QUEEN
COMMANDS YOU!



I CAN FIGHT NO
MORE... THE WALKYRIE
WILL COME FOR
ME... BUT THESE
DEVILS WILL LONG
REMEMBER ME!



THETIA!
BUT... BUT THIS
CANNOT BE!
I SAW THEE
SLAIN!



SO I WAS!
FOOLISH MORTAL.
I HAD TO SAVE
MY MAIDENHEAD
FOR MY MATE...
FOR **THANATOS!**
I HAD TO DIE, I
WANTED TO DIE SO
I COULD BE WED
TO **THANATOS**
AND BECOME HIS
QUEEN, BECOME
AN IMMORTAL
GODDESS!



GO NOW AND
LIVE. PERHAPS
THERE SHALL BE
ANOTHER TIME
FOR US... NOW
MY MAIDENHEAD
IS GONE!



CAPTAIN ULL—THE
TOWN'S SACKED, ITS
MEN SLAIN AND ITS
MAIDS WELL RAPED!
DO WE SAIL?

AWE! THE
CLEAN SEA
WILL WASH
AWAY THIS
REEK OF SOCRERY.
**WE
SAIL!**

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**UNDERGROUND
COMIX CLASSIX**

Barbarian Comics #4

Published June 1975

(1st edition)

California Comics

\$2.00

72 pages

Print run of 4,200 copies

7" x 10 1/4"

ISBN:

Stories:

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Comments:

N/A